

THE CADIS IMPROMPTUS.

II.

(A further instalment of the Autobiography of a Merry Magistrate.)

ON becoming a magistrate at Marylebone I hastened to put my intellectual house in order. It had long been my theory that a joke existed for every situation in life, and I now set out to find and codify those jokes. Just as the hero of a classic work began an alphabetical list of repartees, to be employed upon all varieties of men—so would I prepare sallies for all varieties of prisoners. The frequency of the occurrence of the phrase “(laughter)” in the reports of Marylebone cases shows how ably I have succeeded.

Mem. of suitable sallies to be addressed to prisoners in the Marylebone dock.

ABBOTS. This is not an abbey sight.¹
 ACTORS. I fear you've been out in the lime-light.
 AERONAUTS. Here's air.
 APIARISTS. To bee or not to bee.
 BAKERS. Don't look so crusty.
 BANK CLERKS. A little off your balance, I fear.
 BARGEES. Well, my lord, and what have you to say?²
 BEADELS. *Quis custodiet?*
 CARMEN. Been BIZET, eh?

I must say that the officials at Marylebone have always been very good, and have done their best to make these jokes go well, and to conceal the fact that they have heard them before. I am, however, not without resources of my own. For example, if two actors were to be brought up before me in one morning I should not repeat the lime-light joke. I should make it to the first, and to the second I should say, “Ah, if you would only keep to lime-light and lime juice, how much better it would be for all of us!” What would happen if a third actor appeared I cannot say—but I could hardly squeeze the lime again.

After long experience of the London backslider, my opinion is that he likes to be joked with. But of course there are exceptions. I remember one surly fellow, a burglar, who before a single witness had been heard or the charge read addressed me in these words:—“If I make a clear confession now, your Worship, will you send me to gaol right away? I'll admit everything if you'll stow the humour.” While another man whom I had sentenced as pleasantly as I could to six months with hard labour said, “Won't you let the joke stand in the place of the hard labour?” But in the main I am convinced that I have

¹ I have not had occasion to use this excellent jest. ² The joke here resides in the difference between a bargee and a lord.



“FOR WOMAN IS NOT UNDEVELOP'D MAN.”—Tennyson.

Gentleman of the Old School (to new athletic daughter-in-law). “MY DEAR, I WANT YOU ALWAYS TO LOOK TO ME AS YOUR FATHER AND PROTECTOR.”

contributed to the happiness of my daily visitors.

I have only to say in conclusion that as I look back upon my career I am more than ever impressed by the illustration which it affords of the doctrine of heredity. Descended on one side from a long line of Danish noblemen—my grandfather, I may incidentally remark, was probably the most majestically handsome man who ever trod the earth—and on the other from the great prelate who founded All Souls College, the motto *Noblesse oblige* has always been prominently before my eyes. It is true that I once struck a cabby full in the face, though I have always detested an appeal to physical force, but the man had called me a liar, and was I, the scion of the HALITZKYS, tamely to submit to such an indignity? Besides, the result fully justified my prompt action. The man, though a perfect Hercules in build, burst into tears, returned me

his fare, which I wear still on my watch-chain, and swore eternal friendship. A passion for justice was always my leading characteristic.

But I am not unsusceptible to tenderer emotions. To this day nothing gives me greater pleasure than to be addressed by my old Oxford nickname of “BABY.” All my life, again, I have been a chivalrous admirer of the fair sex, and were I writing these reminiscences for my own delectation I should dwell most freely on those passages of my life in which the blue or the black eyes of some goddess or other have played a leading part. Yet let no man write me down as a philanderer. I have never felt the smallest desire to emigrate to Utah, and am never so happy as when, surrounded by my adoring family, I sit on my lawn, basking in the autumnal sunshine, and listening to the “popping” of the first ripe chestnuts as they fall from the wind-swayed branches.

PLAYS PRESENTABLE AND UNPRESENTABLE.

III.—“RICHARD II.” AT HIS MAJESTY’S.

If the main purpose of the stage is to assist the halting imagination of the reader, then the most “presentable” play should be one in which the shapes and colours of pageantry are the dominant distinction. It is more than ever so when its author sets out to realise history, and its presenter has at his service such expert cunning in the sciences of heraldry and antic gear as Mr. TREE commanded from the erudition of Messrs. AMBROSE LEE and PERCY ANDERSON. This makes it very idle work to condemn indiscriminately the luxury of modern stage-appointments, or to urge that the greatest plays, as *Hamlet* or *Lear*, can afford to dispense with any more elaborate dressing than SHAKSPEARE gave them in his day. Such plays are primarily concerned with the machinations of destiny or the effect of circumstance on character—elemental problems whose appeal is moral and intellectual rather than aesthetic; and so are least “presentable” in the particular sense that the intelligent reader draws least additional profit from their presentation. In any case *Richard II.* is not one of these.

But, waiving further platitude, let me say that since the Review of the Native Retainers at the Delhi Durbar I have seen no more fascinating circus than the pageant of the Coventry Lists at His Majesty’s. I confess that I always suffer from sympathetic nervousness on the appearance of the larger kinds of quadruped before the footlights. For one crowded moment of the first night (I had inexplicably forgotten the details of a play to the study of which I had devoted some of the best months of a chequered childhood, and I did not then know, what I have since gathered in private conversation with *John of Gaunt*, that Mr. OSCAR ASCHE is a rough rider of the first calibre, and that *Norfolk*, in the person of Mr. HAVILAND, has a knowledge of horsemanship that might put our noblest Yeomanry, including the present Duke, to the blush)—for one crowded moment I was a prey to the rudest apprehension, being under the mistaken belief that these two sportsmen actually proposed to tilt before my horrified eyes. Happily disillusioned in this respect, my worst fears were to be realised in another form. Mr. HAVILAND, it is true, rode off into permanent exile at an easy canter; but his adversary was compelled to retire as a dismounted infant. Fragility of form was never a distinguishing mark with Mr. ASCHE; and here, encased in ponderous armour, he had rendered nugatory the complacent advances of *Richard* at the point where the monarch had remarked :

“We will descend and fold him in our arms.”

Once already, at the first mounting, his charger (well-trained, no doubt, in the alarums of the ring, but impatient of this welter work) had shown a touch of naughtiness; but at the second time of asking, he frankly went stern foremost and sat down under the barrier. For a breathless pause the house supposed the poor beast crushed to death by his rider; but Mr. ASCHE, with surprising agility, had flung himself free, and both resumed their normal footing amid enthusiastic applause. But into the subsequent words of *Bolingbroke*, fresh from his embrace of mother earth, a pathetic poignancy was infused, when he said :

“Then, England’s ground, farewell; sweet soil, adieu !”

In an excellent and instructive pamphlet which was distributed with the programme, the audience was made familiar with the villainous defilements to which the play has from time to time been subjected in stage versions. The present acting edition, though it necessarily curtails the original, has admitted only one line of actual interpolation. This occurs in the tableau of the progress of *Bolingbroke* to London, a veritable *via crucis* for the humiliated King. Here

the future claimant turns in his saddle and cries to the crowd, “Fair Sirs, behold your King ! Consider what you wish to do with him !” The words happen, as I am told, to be historical; but this is less an excuse than a fresh grievance. Apart from the outrage to sentiment (whether we are more sorry for SHAKSPEARE who has this speech foisted on him, or for *Bolingbroke* who never, after this brutality, recovers the sympathy of the audience), it was surely an indiscretion thus to impose a patch of raw material upon a ground-work of artistry.

Another memorable scene was the interior of Westminster Hall, with the peers’ robes red against a sombre background. I never remember to have seen so many gloves flung about on the stage at one time. There they lay, thick as greengages in Vallombrosa. Mr. BASIL GILL, who made a most handsome *Aumerle*, had his work cut out merely to retrieve them; and if he was to survive the satisfaction of all his challengers, there was a busy fortnight before him. I cannot help thinking that a certain piquancy would be added to modern political life if something of these methods could be introduced, say, into the fiscal debates of the Cabinet.

The scene was further distinguished by the courageous bearing of the loyal *Bishop of Carlisle* (Mr. FISHER WHITE), and by Mr. TREE’s subtle interpretation of the King’s moods, shifting ever from irony to self-pity, from dejection to defiance, and constant in nothing but the passion for verbal jugglery. The manner of his exit was an inspiration.

For a Plantagenet, *Richard* has a remarkable turn for poetry. But in this matter SHAKSPEARE carried his *penchant* for self-projection to the point of absolute bravado. Still shackled by the linked sweetness of Euphuist traditions, he would refine the sugared phrase, or elaborate the rhetorical artifice, let his medium be what it might. When the Queen (the strain of her position made her look more than her real age, which was just nine years at the opening of the play, and ten at this juncture: but let that pass) accosted the *Gardener* as

“Old Adam’s likeness, set to dress this garden,”

Mr. LIONEL BROOKES was too well-mannered to be shocked; and, indeed, he himself had already adopted the embroidered language of poesie, and vainly sought to impart to it an air of homeliness by the dropping of an aspirate or two.

The stage-management on the first night was a miracle of smoothness and expedition. It is true that in the street scene on the way to the Tower a detached column, belonging to another set, floated for a time in mid air; but apart from this defect, the carpenters did their work bravely, though their consultations behind the scene compelled Mr. BRANDON THOMAS (admirable as *John of Gaunt*) to force his voice with an energy that belied his moribund condition.

Throughout the play scarce a single line lost its significance for lack of intelligent rendering; and, even in a walking part, the King’s hound betrayed a quite human appreciation of the political crisis. Hitherto devoted to *Richard*, he had a *flair* for the changes of the popular breath, and at the psychological moment went over, with the *Percies* and others, to the favourite’s camp, throwing a few remorseful glances after the retreating figure of the King. But he was too noble of heart to be happy for long under this new régime; and on the pretext of another engagement in the wings, he strolled off quite soon by the opposite exit. O. S.

Lacrimæ Mewsarum (A Fitte of Doggerel).

[During the past few weeks a large number of stray cats have been admitted to the Dogs’ Home.]

ALACK ; through Summer’s rains and fogs
We roamed about and starved, till now
We’re simply going to the dogs —
Me-ow !

THE HORRORS OF WAR. AT THE MANOEUVRES.



The Bivouac. A sketch during the storm.



I give some valuable information to one of our future Generals.



THE BATTLE OF HUNTERFORD.



Historical Picture. Famous Generals meeting on the field of battle.

The enemy could
be dimly discerned
through a glass.



Through foreign spectacles.



THE PRODIGAL.

[It is rumoured that SHERLOCK HOLMES, when he reappears, will figure in a series of stories of American origin.]

I MET him in the Strand. It was really the most extraordinary likeness. Had I not known that he lay at the bottom of a dem'd moist unpleasant waterfall, I should have said that it was SHERLOCK HOLMES himself who stood before me. I had almost made up my mind to speak to him, when he spoke to me.

"Pardon me, stranger," he said, "can you tell where I get a car for Victoria?"

I told him.

"Do you know," I said, "you are astonishingly like an old friend of mine. A Mr. SHERLOCK HOLMES."

"My name," he said coolly.

I staggered back, nearly upsetting a policeman. Then I seized him by the arm, dragged him into an A.B.C. shop, and sat him down at a table.

"You are SHERLOCK HOLMES!" I cried.

"Correct. SHERLOCK P. HOLMES of Neh York City, U.S.A. That's me every time, I guess."

"HOLMES!" I clutched him fervently to my bosom. "Don't you remember me? You must remember me."

"Name of——?" he queried.

"WATSON. Dr. WATSON."

"Wal, darn my skin if I didn't surmise I'd seen you before somewhere. WATSON! Crimes, so it is. Oh, this is slick. Yes, Sir. This is my shout. Liquor up at my ex-pense, if you please. What's your poison?"

I said I would have a small milk.

"Why, the last I saw of you, HOLMES——" I began.

"Guess you didn't see the last of me, sirree."

"But you did fall down the waterfall?"

"Why, yes."

"Then how did you escape?"

"Why, I fell over with MORIARTY. The cuss was weightier than me some, so he fell underneath. If two humans fall over a precipice, I calkilate it's the one with the most avoir-du-pois that falls underneath. Conse-quently I was only con-considerable shaken, while MORIARTY handed in his checks."

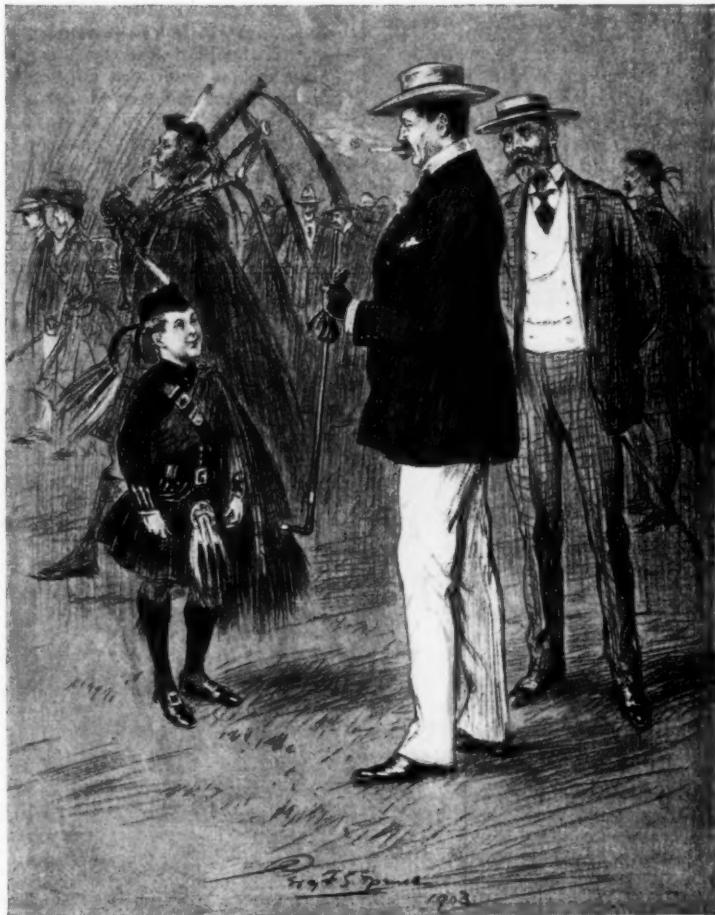
"Then you weren't killed?"

"My dear WATSON, how——? No. Guess I sur-vived. But, say, how are all the old folks at home? How's Sir HENRY BASKERVILLE?"

"Very well. He has introduced baseball into the West Country."

"And the hound? Ah, but I remember, we shot him."

"No. He wasn't really dead. He recovered, turned over a new leaf, and is now doing capitally out Battersea way."



YOUNG AUSTRALIA.

SCENE—Highland Gathering in the Antipodes.

"WELL, MY LITTLE MAN, SO YOU'RE SCOTCH, EH?"

"NAE, NAE, A'AM NAE SCOTCH, BUT MA PAIRENTS IS."

Just then a look of anxiety passed over my friend's face. I asked the reason.

"It's like this," he said; "I've been in the U-nited States so long now, tracking down the toughs there, that I reckon I've ac-quired the Amurrican accent some. Say, do you think the public will object?"

"HOLMES," I said, "it wouldn't matter if you talked Czech or Chinese. You've come back. That's all we care about."

"It's a perfect cinch," said HOLMES, with a happy smile.

DECEIVING THE NATION.—Only a poor attempt to imitate "actual Service conditions" seems to have been made at the Manceuvres. The rations were edible, the boots made of leather, the cavalry

had horses, several had had previous riding lessons, and staff officers possessed rudimentary maps of the district.

A WOBBLING BRASSEY?

On the actual day of the announcement of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's resignation, the PRIME MINISTER, playing at North Berwick, "made," according to the *Daily Express*, "a most unfortunate start. He was bunkered off his approach, struck the rocks, and was again trapped on the beach" (? Sir MICHAEL HICKS-) "with his third. Eventually he tore up his card." This is regarded as very significant; and in the same connection we note that the *Daily Mail*, in its fiscal catalogue of Saturday's date, classes Mr. BRASSET, M.P., as a "wobbler."

THE AMATEUR HISTRION.
(*A Compleat Guide to Country House Theatricals.*)

VI.—THE AUDIENCE.

THERE are various reasons which induce people to sit through an amateur performance. Some people will travel long distances to a great house, and even pay considerable sums of money in the hope that their devotion may be recognised, and that they may be promoted to the dinner list; some people go because their friends are acting, which shows that friendship is not yet dead in this callous world and that deeds of self-sacrifice are still performed in its name; others because they like a crush and a chat; and a few old cynics enjoy the performance immensely for reasons that need not be stated.

It is etiquette to admire everything. When you have shaken hands with your hostess and have given up your ticket, in those cases where a charity is used as a stalking-horse, you find your way to the narrow chair that is apportioned to you, and after smiling round comprehensively and nodding like a mandarin you settle down in your seat, just as a cork goes into a bottle, knowing that your dress or your evening coat will be irretrievably creased; but, nevertheless, you admire the curtain and the footlights. During twenty-five minutes or half an hour while the little band supplied by the music-shop of the county town, or the piano player, worry out the "Flying Dutchman" overture, a waltz and "Whistling Rufus," you will have plenty of time to remark that biscuits make splendid reflectors, and that chintz curtains look so much fresher and prettier

than the dusty heavy velvet things that the London theatres have; or, should a friend of the family have painted a blue lake and violet mountains on calico as a "drop," you will describe it aloud as being "quite Turner-esque and perfectly lovely."

When any performer appears, be pleasantly surprised that you recognise him or her. If he is a man applaud and say, "Why, that is Mr. SMITH," and if she is a lady tell your neighbours all about the dress she has on, and how she gave 120 guineas for it at

PAQUIN's or WORTH's to wear at this particular performance. Amateur theatricals are full of palpitating excitement. If the play is a costume piece, you can say, as each man appears with a heavy moustache soaped down and powdered over, "He looks as if he had a sore lip, doesn't he?" just as if it was the highest ambition of mankind to have sore lips; and if the lady who is playing the parlour-maid, with all her

of the other performers are attempting to play a serious love-scene at the time; but in disregarding their efforts you are showing real critical acumen, for their love-making is pretty sure to be unnatural, whereas the person who drinks out of the bottle probably knows exactly how to do it, and the man who simulates the catching of flies was an adept at the sport when a school-boy.*

It is customary for the favoured people

amongst the audience to wander freely about behind the scenes during the intervals, though the grooms and under-gardeners who are changing the scenes often interfere with their comfort. To obtain admission behind the curtain an interchange of sentences somewhat resembling military "sign" and "countersign" is necessary. The first performer you meet says, "How is the piece going?" and you reply, if your questioner is a lady, "Splendidly! You are delightful, charming!" If a man asks, you answer, "Ripping. You are first-class, old fellow."

When the performance is concluded, and the audience are genteely struggling at the buffet, it is customary to couple *sotto voce* cautions as to the food and drink with out-spoken eulogism of the play and performers. Thus, *pianissimo*, "Don't touch the champagne, it's gooseberry," and then, *fortissimo*, "Better than professionals, I call them."

It is a very usual practice next morning after breakfast for the performers to compile an account of their successful efforts, the scribe adding a particularly cordial few words for himself at the end, and to send it to one of the ladies' "weeklies" with a snap-shot of the company taken before the hall door. The reporter

who has been sent by the local newspaper always knows his duty

JOSEPHUS CORIOLANUS.

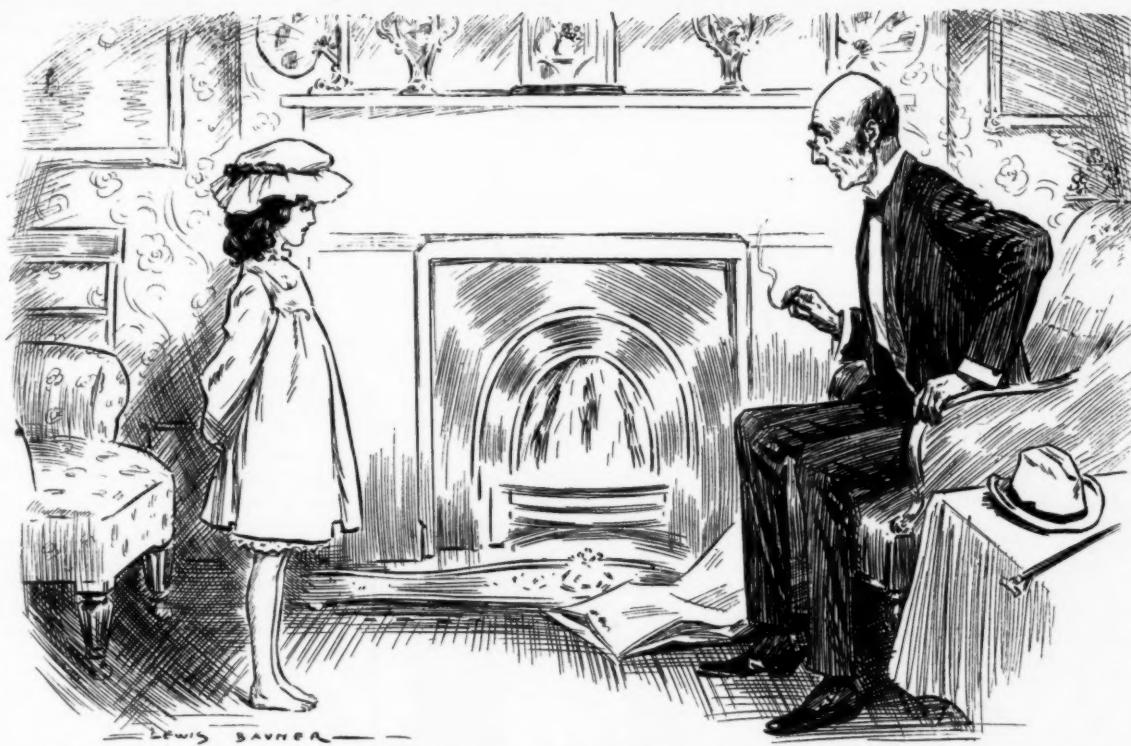
"RATHER THAN FOOL IT SO,
LET THE HIGH OFFICE AND THE HONOUR GO."
Coriolanus, Act II, Sc. 3.

rings on her hands, comes on to the stage with a black smudge across one cheek and scrubs at a boot with a clothes-brush as she speaks her lines, you will exclaim enthusiastically, "Quite the real thing, isn't it? Quite the real thing!"

If the play is alleged to be a comic one, keep on the titter throughout. Sooner or later one of the minor characters will pretend to drink out of a bottle, or to catch flies on a door, or to pick flowers off the back-cloth. Then roar with laughter. It may be that two

* Amateurs who indulge in comic business during a sentimental scene between two of the principals should refer to *Nicholas Nickleby*, Vol. I, Chapter XXX., and take warning from the fate of the comic countryman who, for pretending to catch a bluebottle while Mrs. CRUMMLES was making for her greatest effect, was dismissed by Mr. CRUMMLES at the shortest possible notice. The amateur who should imitate the example of this very low comedian will find that he won't be asked again to those delightful country house parties where private theatricals are the *vogue*.





Uncle (about to start for a concert at Marine Pavilion). "BUT, MY DEAR NORA, YOU DON'T SURELY PROPOSE TO GO WITHOUT YOUR SHOES AND STOCKINGS?"
Nora. "I'M IN EVENING DRESS, UNCLE—ONLY IT'S THE OTHER END."

and does it. He supplies three superlative adjectives for the most important people in the county, and grows less enthusiastic as social rank dwindles. A stray Londoner or a visitor from another county can be treated with scant courtesy. It is galling to the man who in the north is always alluded to as "the CHARLES WYNDHAM of the amateur stage" to find that in the south he is only credited with giving "useful support"; but such is the way of the world.

AN OLD HAND.

CHARIVARIA.

OWING to a number of prompt arrests, the threatened assassination of the assassins of the late King of SERVIA has been postponed. Meanwhile, at a great popular meeting held at Belgrade to protest against Turkey's behaviour in the Balkans, the SULTAN was denounced as a murderer.

M. LEBAUDY, the Emperor of the Sahara, having lost his own head, has now ordered a guillotine from a Paris firm.

The International Exhibition of Inventions which will be held at Brighton in November relies on the loyal support of the Press.

The "newspaper for gentlewomen" which is to be produced by the proprietors of the *Daily Mail* is, after all, not to be called the *Daily Female*.

Russia has added one more condition to her promise to quit Manchuria. It is that she shall be allowed to remain there until the evacuation actually takes place.

The Turks at Salonica are desirous of British interference, and some are even going so far as to advocate the murder of the British Consul in order to bring this about. His Majesty's representative, however, throws cold water on this part of the scheme.

Further changes in our Navy are announced. Chaplains are to be abolished, and the navigating officers are to include in their duties those of sky-pilots.

School Board inspectors have apparently been extra vigilant lately. The special correspondents at the Manoeuvres report that very few "little Brodricks" were to be seen with the troops.

A school for the training of motor-car drivers is to be established at Long Acre. Under the new Act, this method

of learning will be cheaper than practising, as hitherto, on the public roads.

Titles are sometimes misleading. We are requested to state that *The Donkey Book*, just published by Mr. GRANT RICHARDS, is not a re-issue of the War Commission evidence.

A Willesden Passive Resister has announced in open court that he "cannot sell his conscience." It seems that there are no buyers.

"OVER."

WHEN days are drawing in,
And evenings are chilly,
And when the throngs grow thin
In crowded Piccadilly;

When people in the street
Write letters, wise or witty,
To ask, "Do tradesmen cheat?"
Or, "Are our women pretty?"

When FRY is out, and HEARNE
Has taken his last wicket,
And football, in its turn,
Usurps the place of cricket;

When partridges must fall,
When singing-birds grow dumber—
These herald, one and all,
The passing of the Summer.

THE POET-POLICEMAN.

In the preface to his new edition of *Ballads in Blue*, P.-C. MITCHELL remarks: "Not a few persons have been interested by the fact that long spells of prosaic police duty, amid the most depressing scenes of the great Metropolis, have been unable to subdue the instincts of an aspiring Constable. My own opinion is that this was the very place for developing latent power." Doubtless other members of the Force will act on this hint, with results somewhat like the following:—

SCENE—*The Strand*. Poet-Policeman X 742 on fixed-point duty. He soliloquises.

Vastly mistaken was the bard who held The policeman's lot devoid of happiness When doing his constabulary task! Far from unhappy, all my present care Is to unearth a rhyme to "burglary" Wherewith to end my sonnet.

Anxious Old Lady (interrupting). Could you kindly direct me to Waterloo?

Poet-Policeman. Waterloo—a name in story which is redolent of glory, Eternally revered by everyone! The way to it's no mystery—just recollect your history, Turn opposite the street of Wellington.

Chorus, if you please, Madam— Yes, the Bridge of Waterloo will be clearly in your view Just opposite the Street of Wellington! (Old Lady flies in terror; P.-P. resumes)

A perfectly impromptu bit of verse, Yet exquisitely fashioned! . . . Hullo!

Why, What have we here? A furious motor-car Doing an easy sixty miles an hour! Hi! Stop, I say! You murderous motorist, stop!

[The Motorist stops. Your local habitation and your name? . . . You spell it with an "e"? . . . I thank you, Sir; The summons will be served without delay.

Hearken, moreover: The man who from mere scorching will not shrink,

His motor and his reputation stink. That is an epigram. No extra charge!

[The crest-fallen Motorist departs. P.-P. (continuing). What shall I sing of next? Ah, there I see

A kitten misappropriating milk— And there the milkman comes—a theme for song;

He comes, resembling vengeance (or myself)

To punish theft. [Sings.

Grubby little kitten,
Sorely thou art smitten—

[A seedy-looking man, not a teetotaler, lurches heavily against the P.-P.

P.-P. (furiously).

Impudent varlet!

Look where thou'rt going!

Else will I hale thee

Swiftly to Bow Street!

Dissolute tippler and

Servant of Bacchus,

Move on, I tell you!

[Seedy-looking man stares in amazement and then hastens away.

P.-P. (complacently watching him).

Such is the glorious magic of the muse!

(Meditates a sonnet beginning—

Bracelets, the pledges of imprisonment, Linking thy hands together, love, in one, as scene closes.)



"FOR GOODNESS SAKE, JANE, KEEP THAT CHILD QUIET! MY HEAD'S POSITIVELY SPLITTING!"

LOST MASTERPIECES.

(*Mr. Punch's own Collection.*)

A YEAR or two ago the world was thrilled by the intelligence that a hitherto unknown poem by SHELLEY was about to be published. More recently a fragment of BYRON's *Don Juan*, never before printed, was issued from the Press and aroused great interest. While early in the present year the entire works of an unpublished poet—THOMAS TRAHERNE—saw the light for the first time after languishing unread for more than two hundred years in manuscript.

The interest excited by these and similar "finds" being usually out of all proportion to the merits of the thing found, *Mr. Punch* also has applied himself to the task of discovery, and has succeeded in unearthing several hitherto unpublished works of our most admired authors. Among these, two poems by WORDSWORTH, each written in the poet's most characteristic style, should arouse special enthusiasm. Into the details of the search for these lost masterpieces, the routing through manuscripts, the grubbing in the British Museum, it is unnecessary to enter. Nor need their genuine Wordsworthian origin be

insisted on. Everyone who is even slightly acquainted with the work of the master will immediately recognise them as his. The title of the first of them is singularly characteristic of the poet. It runs:—

LINES

Written on a beautiful day in early summer while a friend was putting on his boots preparatory to accompanying the writer.

Up, friend, your work is surely done,
And it is glorious weather,
So let us out into the sun
And take a walk together.

Observe the linnet on the bough,
His note how clear and ringing!
His voice was mute at dawn, but now,
I notice, he is singing.

See how my dog comes running up
In answer to my whistle;
This flower is called a buttercup,
And that, I think, a thistle.

Birds in the trees are building nests
In various directions,
And every sight and sound suggests
Appropriate reflections.

Thus Nature to the poet's eyes
Shows more than other men,
And every hour a theme supplies
To occupy his pen.

The limpid simplicity and rural charm of this little gem can scarcely be matched among the poet's most famous productions. The other is equally precious in its way. It is called:—

DOROTHY;

Or, The Pleasures of Youthful Conversation.

Each afternoon, from two to four,
I take a walk by Rydal's shore—
So fair it seems to me,
And often, if the sun has dried
The path, I turn my steps aside
To talk with DOROTHY.

Her father and her mother dwell
A mile away in yonder dell,
And all the neighbours own
That 'tis not possible to see
A fairer child than DOROTHY.
(Her other name is BROWN.)

Her eyes are blue, her years are nine,
And when she puts her hand in mine
And charms me with her talk,
Full oft the prattle of this child
The poet's sadness hath beguiled
Upon his evening walk.

That these two masterpieces should not have seen the light till now only shows the chances to which the work even of the greatest poets is exposed. It may safely be prophesied that no future edition of WORDSWORTH'S Works will be considered complete without them.

MR. PUNCH'S SPECTRAL ANALYSES.

VI.—A TECHNICAL ERROR.

WHEN Mr. GEORGE HERBERT STUTTLEBUCK, of the firm of STUTTLEBUCK and JONES, returned to his suburban residence, The Moated Towers, Acacia Road, Upper Tooting, late one night, and mounted the stairs just in time to see a shadowy form, negligently draped in a winding-sheet, pass smoothly through the door of the spare bedroom, his first act was to utter a piercing shriek. After this he charged into his room with an agility that would have been creditable in a Bounding Brother of the Pyrenees.

"M'dear," he gasped, addressing his startled wife, "A gho's! A shade! A spectre! Spare bedroom. Fact."

And even as he spoke there was a slight groan and a blast of icy air, and the spectre shimmered into the room and vanished through the opposite wall.

From that moment onward the existence of the Ghost became a recognised fact. The servants fainted in half-companies, and, on recovering, instantly gave notice. The cat as a stock excuse below stairs became out of date. Did JANE demolish a dinner-service? It was the Ghost, Mum, as startled her, coming up sudden-like from behind and groaning that awful. Was cook detected in the act of purloining the best port? It was the Ghost, Mum, as frightened her to that extent as she felt in need of a little somethink as a stimulant in a manner of speaking. In fact it soon became evident that, as long as the spectre remained, domestic peace would be an impossibility.

Mr. STUTTLEBUCK consulted his partner JONES on the subject. JONES said ghosts never haunted you unless you had murdered someone. He warmly advised Mr. STUTTLEBUCK to give himself up to justice. Mr. STUTTLEBUCK's opinion of JONES as a counsellor in time of need underwent a complete revision.

At last Mrs. STUTTLEBUCK's brother ALFRED came to stay for a week-end. On the first night after dinner the news was broken to him.

"Object?" said he in his cheery way. "Not at all. I shall enjoy it. But, look here, GEORGE, it seems to me there's a mistake somewhere. Are you sure you're entitled to this ghost? I always thought it was only the oldest houses that were haunted. Hullo, here is the Ghost. Let's ask him. Here, you, Sir, one moment."

The Ghost paused and groaned.

"Come, come, there's no call to be silly about it," said ALFRED. "What right have you in this house? Hey? Tell me that."

"This is The Moated Towers, I believe?" retorted the spectre coldly.



SCENE—Country Vicarage.

Burglar (who has been secured by athletic Vicar after long and severe struggle). "I THINK YOU'RE TREATIN' ME VERY CROOL—AND A CLERGYMAN TOO!"

"Very well, then. That's the name of the house I was appointed to."

"But are you aware that this house has only been in existence half-a-dozen years?"

The Ghost's jaw dropped limply.

"What!" he gasped. "Then where—why—what the dooce? They told me it dated from the Conquest."

"What was the name of the family you were told to haunt—STUTTLEBUCK?"

"STUTTLEBUCK!" said the Ghost scornfully. "It was DE CLARENCE."

"Then I think I see what has happened. GEORGE, have you a Peerage anywhere?"

"Of course," said Mr. STUTTLEBUCK.

"Then look up DE CLARENCE. His family seat in Wiltshire is called The

Moated Towers, is it not? I thought so. That's where you ought to be. You've come to the wrong address."

"Well, of all the chuckle-headed muddlers, I'm—"

"Exactly. But don't let us detain you. The DE CLARENCE will be wondering where you can have got to. The Moated Towers, Wilts, is the place you want. Go to the end of this street, and turn to the left. Better take a green omnibus. You can't miss the place. Good-night."

Next morning the postman, walking down Acacia Road, noticed that Mr. STUTTLEBUCK's door-post no longer bore the words, "The Moated Towers." They had been scraped out. And in their place was the legend "No. 389."



Boy (to Cabby with somewhat shadowy horse). "LOOK 'ERE, GUV'NOR, YOU'D BETTER TIE A KNOT IN 'IS TAIL AFORE 'E GETS WET, OR 'E MIGHT SLIP THROUGH 'IS COLLAR!"

THE NEW PROFESSOR.

[At a meeting of the Library Association a speaker remarked that "the Librarian had become the Professor of Literature to the multitude."]

I MARVEL men still cling to-day
To out-of-date devices
For gaining lore, for which they pay
Unreasonable prices;
I marvel they will go and cram
A culture which is only sham
Beside the antiquated Cam
And mediaeval Isis.

What culture lies in Latin prose?
What boots the comprehension
Of Plato, *Æschylus*, and those
Whose names I need not mention?
Nor can I, as so many do,
With much less disapproval view
That later institution—U-
niversity Extension.

Here I behind my counter stand,
Amid my shelves, provided
With all the tomes which my own hand
In order due has tidied;
And I with all my cultured sense
Myself am here for reference
To be consulted *sans* expense
By all who would be guided.

Young ladies flock to me for books;
They crowd the trams and buses,
Sweet schoolgirls, dainty spinsters, cooks,
And tweenny maids and nusses.
Fair Tooting tries her prentice hand
On all the learned of the land,
And DARWIN, HERBERT SPENCER and
Prof. HAECKEL she discusses.

Or if more brainy still their aims,
So that they only crave an
Acquaintance with the greatest names
On glory's scroll engraven,
Then I decide, as only can
The cultured Free Librarian,
The merits of the Isle of Man
And Stratford-upon-Avon.

To the Modern Girl.

[A widely-read and well-informed journal states that the modern girl's athleticism has destroyed her muliebry.]

THOUGH much ill-chosen exercise
Has spoiled your curves and strained your eyes,
Though you are weak and pale,
Take comfort from this cheering fact—
You still are able to attract
The notice of the *Mail*.



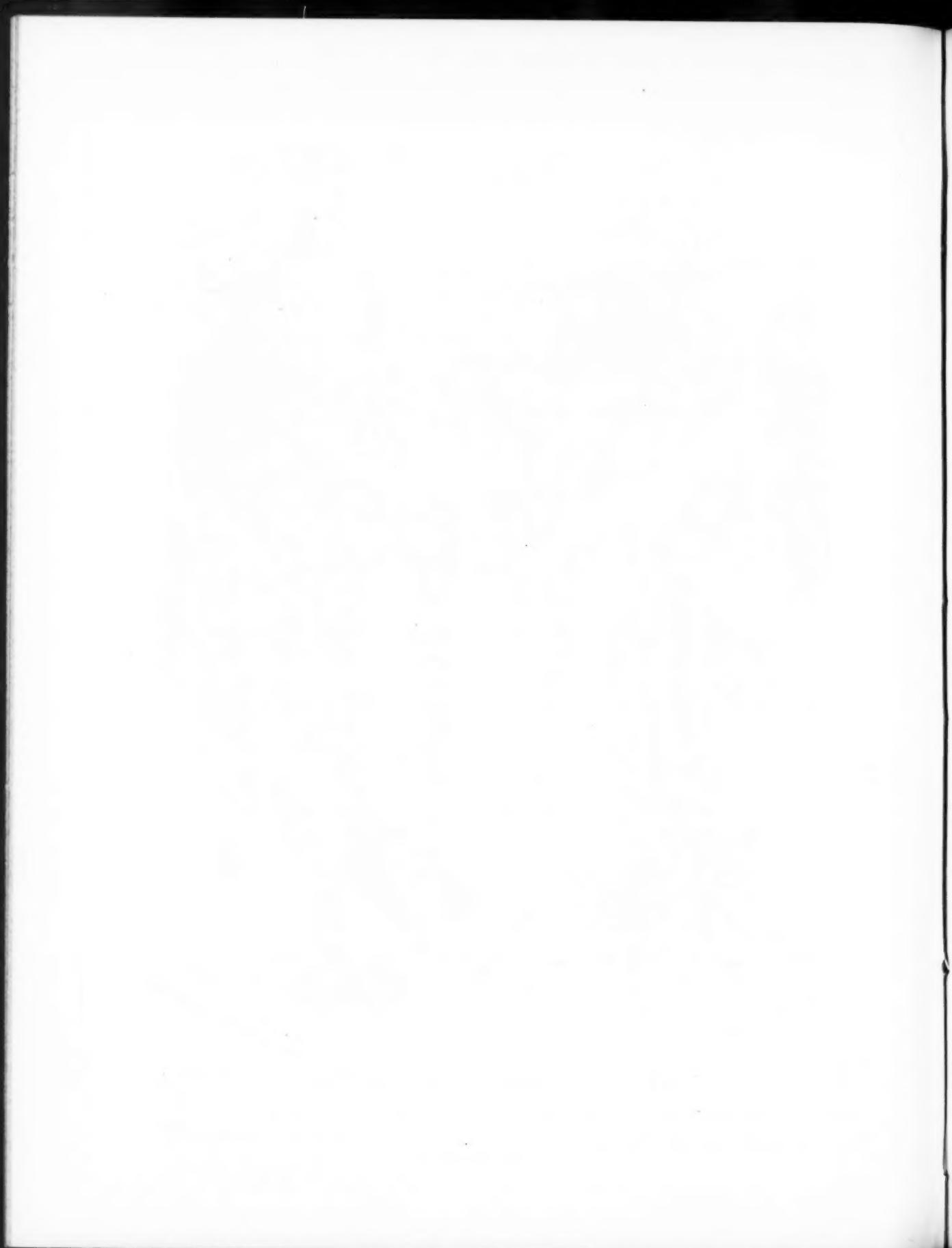
THE PREDOMINANT PARTNER.

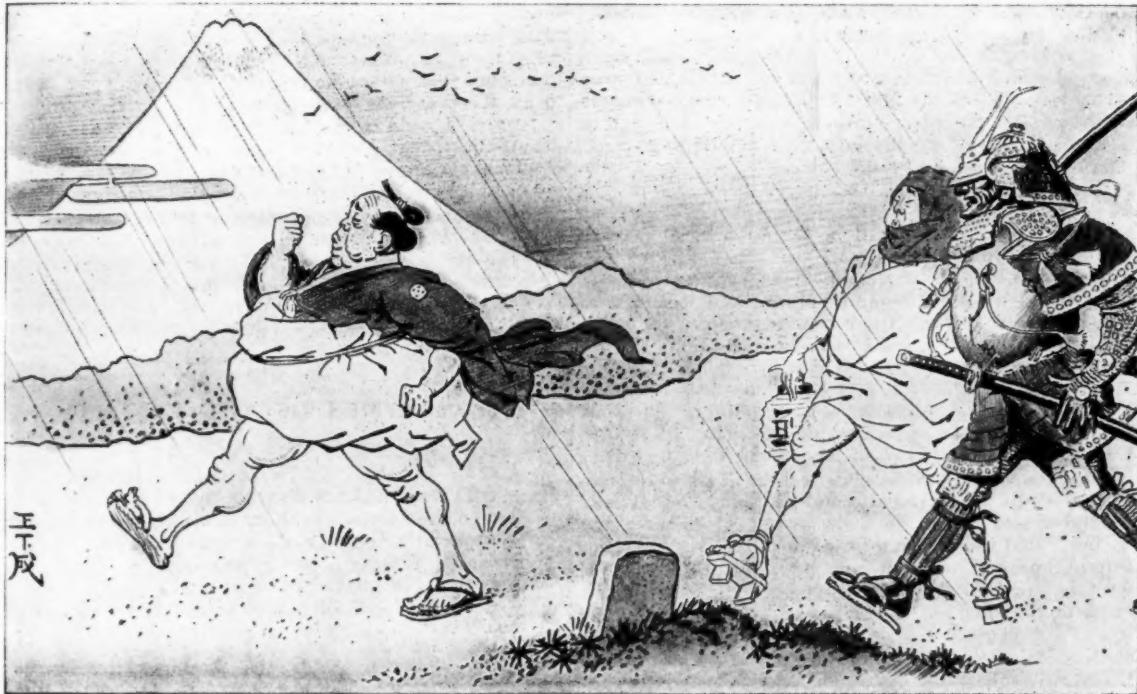
Lady Macbeth . . . MR. CH-MB-RL-X.

Macbeth . . . MR. B-LF-R.

LADY MACBETH (about to retire). "GIVE ME THE DAGGER LYING DISENGAGED;
I'LL DO IT ON MY OWN."

Shakspeare (Birmingham Edition), *Macbeth*, Act II., Sc. 2.





UNRECORDED HISTORY. SUGGESTED BY "HOLBEIN'S ATTEMPT TO SWIM THE CHANNEL"—NO. 3.

[The unavailing efforts of another great artist, HOKUSAI, to beat the road-record round Fuji-yama aroused much sympathetic interest in artistic and sporting circles in Japan.]

THE SUN-CHILD.

(Continued.)

BUT MASON's troubles, as the Sun-child was to discover, were not over for that day. A day or two before there had been an examination in the fifth form, and the result was to be declared at the end of this morning's work. When the time came the master drew some papers from his desk, and all the boys sat rapt and attentive.

"I will now," said the master, "read the result of the examination and the marks:—First, MASON 520, a very good total out of a possible 600, and especially good considering that MASON has only recently come into the form."

MASON blushed with delight, and a murmur of applause went up from the class—from everybody, that is, except from one dark-haired overgrown boy, who sat with a black scowl on his face.

The master continued: "Second, BAWTREY 498, also a very creditable examination."

The dark-haired boy, whose name was BAWTREY, lit up for a moment and then relapsed into a scowl.

"Please, Sir," he said, half getting up in his place.

"Yes, BAWTREY, what is it?"

But, whatever it may have been, BAWTREY had apparently altered his mind as to the advisability of uttering it. "Oh, it's nothing, Sir, after all. I'll ask you about it another time," was all he said.

The reading of the list went on until it concluded with the name of "BACKHOUSE 52," and then the master shut up his desk and dismissed the boys. There was a banging of desks, a scuffling of feet, a chatter of many released tongues,

and, in less time than it takes to tell, the class had streamed out into the passage, all except MASON, to whom the master was giving a few special words of congratulation. In the passage there was a knot of boys gathered round BAWTREY, who was talking angrily.

"I tell you the little skunk cribbed from me," he was saying. "I suspected him all along, and all but caught him looking over my papers several times. Now I'm sure of it. Oh, don't tell me that a chap like that, who's only just got into the form, could beat the lot of us. I know he cribbed from me, and I'd bet any amount of money he'd got tips written out on paper and took them in. He's a skunk, and I'll tell him so."

At this moment MASON appeared, and a hush fell on the boys.

"MASON," said BAWTREY, "you're a skunk. You cribbed from me, and you know it. Better own up at once."

Everybody was watching MASON. He flushed to the roots of his hair and said nothing, but his eyes looked straight into BAWTREY's, and then he pulled himself together.

"That's not true," he said.

"Oh, I'm a liar, am I?" retorted BAWTREY.

"Yes, you're a liar, BAWTREY."

"A fight, a fight!" shouted two or three jubilant small boys, and a move was immediately made to a corner of the yard removed from public view, and consecrated by hoary tradition to the settlement of disputes. In a few moments seconds had been appointed, the principals had removed their coats and waistcoats, a prefect had been secured to see that everything passed off fairly according to the ancient rule, and the fight began.

It was an interesting meeting. The two fighters formed a striking contrast. The one was tall and dark, an ugly, surly-looking lad, with loose limbs and no grace of body. The other was fair and handsome and lithe, active and well-knit, but he was shorter than his antagonist and much lighter. It seemed all Lombard Street to a China orange on BAWTREY, and in fact the first two rounds went entirely in that disagreeable champion's favour. At the end of each he had knocked MASON off his legs with a swinging right-hander on the side of the head.

"You'd better chuck it," whispered his second; "you can't beat him."

"I won't chuck it, and I will beat him," was all MASON's reply, and the third round began.

But now the Sun-child thought the moment had come to intervene. He posted himself by MASON, and looked hard and straight at BAWTREY, and BAWTREY began to feel a singing in his head where MASON had struck him in the last round, and his eyes were dazzled as with strange gleams of light. MASON made a rush, and both his sturdy little fists found their mark on BAWTREY's face, and all the while BAWTREY's arms were windmilling aimlessly through the air. Again MASON danced up to him, and again those two busy fists struck upon BAWTREY's chin and on his nose. With the last blow BAWTREY pivoted round and fell in a heap, and was dragged to a corner.

"Time," said the prefect a little later, but BAWTREY came not up to time, and his supporters gave up the fight.

At this juncture the master appeared upon the scene. He took in the situation at a glance, and prepared to move away. "I suppose it's all right, JOHNSON?" he said to the prefect.

"Yes, sir, quite right."

"What was it about?"

The prefect told him.

"Stuff and nonsense," said the master so that all the boys could hear. "There wasn't the remotest resemblance between Mason's papers and BAWTREY's. In treatment and in expression they were wide apart. MASON got his place fairly, and deserved it. And he deserved to win the fight, too."

Then the Sun-child departed, feeling that his morning's work had been good.

(To be continued.)

THE SPANK TRUST.

ACCORDING to the *Daily Mail* of Sept. 17, the latest development in progressive American educational methods is a machine for administering corporal punishment, just introduced in the State training school at Redwing, Minnesota. The machine supersedes punishment by hand power, and is said to work satisfactorily and to be easily regulated.

It is pretty clear what is in store for the youth of Great Britain, nothing more nor less than the formation of a "Spanking" Trust. The information has been sprung upon them at a psychologic moment, namely, the beginning of the Michaelmas Term. No doubt this fresh outrage upon the rising generation is the work of the War Office, who (together with Mr. CHAMBERLAIN) are of course responsible for everything that now goes amiss, including the defeat of *Shamrock* and the deplorable weather. Very probably also it is covertly provided for in the Education Act, if you can read between the lines of that "unholy" enactment (*vide Nonconformist Press*) which is causing so many obscure worthies to make dramatic appearances in Police Courts at the present moment.

Anyhow, the insidious introduction of the Spanking Machine must be passively (and actively) resisted by the British school-boy. The sacred persons of the Board School brat and the unattached hooligan are at present safeguarded

from assault by a sentimental public, but they will not long enjoy their immunity. Eton, however, and similar institutions, lie open to a flank attack, and must defend their privileges to the bitter end. They have enjoyed for centuries the right of maintaining and employing a Headmaster to execute this particular ceremony. It would run counter to all the conservative instincts of the juvenile Briton to substitute a base mechanical flagellant for the cultivated dominical triceps. Besides, what guarantee is there that irrational clockwork would know when to stop?

Let, therefore, Dr. CLIFFORD or some other perfervid orator be engaged to stump the country in this holy cause. The halfpenny papers will supply the necessary war cries, such as "Big Spank or Little Spank," "The Supreme Betrayal," "No Surrender of the Sovereign Rights of Swishing," "You may Spank, but we will not be *Trussed*," and similar heroic head-lines and tail-pieces. We shall then hear no more of the Minnesota Castigator.

RHYMES OF THE EAST.

STANZAS WRITTEN IN DEJECTION.

I AM tired of the day with its profitless labours,
And tired of the night with its lack of repose,
I am sick of myself, my surroundings, and neighbours,
Especially Aryan Brothers and crows;
O land of illusory hope for the needy,
O centre of soldiering, thirst, and shikar,
When a broken-down exile begins to feel seedy,
What a beast of a country you are!

There are many, I know, that have honestly drawn a
Most moving description of pleasures to win
By the exquisite carnage of such of your fauna
As nature provides with a "head" or a "skin";
I know that a pig is magnificent sticking;
But good as you are in the matter of sports,
When a person's alive, so to put it, and kicking,
You're a brute when he gets out of sorts.

For the moment he feels the effects of the weather—
A mild go of fever—a touch of the sun—
He arrives with a jerk at the end of his tether,
And finds your attractions a bit overdone;
Impatiently conscious of boredom and worry,
He sits in his misery, scowling at grief,
With a face like a pallid *rechauffée* of curry,
And a head like a lump of boiled beef.

I am sick of the day (as I happened to mention),
And sick of the night (as I stated before),
And it's oh, for the wings of a dove or a pension
To carry me home to a happier shore!
And oh, to be off, homeward bound, on the briny,
Away from the tropics—away from the heat,
And to take off a shocking old hat to the shiny,
As I shake off her dust from my feet!

DUM-DUM.

MUSKETRY AT THE VATICAN.—("I wish," says the author of "Notes from Paris" in *Truth*), "I could have his (the Pope's) ingeniously contrived *mousquetaire* (*sic*) to keep off Parc de Monceau mosquitoes. . . . An angel in solid gold, made to be fastened like a suspension lamp to the ceiling, holds the *mousquetaire*." But surely, quite apart from the strain on the angel, if the darkness was constantly being rent by a musketeer (one of the Swiss Guard?), blazing away at these small pests, the cure would be almost worse than the disease. Why not be content with the usual *moustiquaire*, or mosquito-net?



ENTER AUTUMN.

A SHORT VACATION RAMBLE.

(How we went to Le Touquet, and what happened on the second night of our visit, which has here the precedence of earlier history.)

My last notes of a short trip described the unique experience of the exodus and return of the gas at Boulogne, with some remarks on the state of the *établissement* under a cloud—temporary of course. I said I was going on to Le Touquet, which is a name that includes the hotel of Le Touquet in the "domaine du Touquet," within twenty minutes' walk (or less, according to wind and weather) of Paris-Plage, a bathing-place by this time popular with not a few Parisians and well-to-do persons from the inland towns round about within a radius of fifty miles. The Paris-Plagians (which sounds rather like a heretical sect with the "e" omitted after the "P," as if it ought to have been the Paris-Pelagians) keep to their own *plage* for business, which is bathing, but they come for pleasure to the gardens of Le Touquet, where are provided first-rate grounds for lawn tennis tournaments (highly popular competitions with valuable prizes in cups, jewellery, and coin), and all sorts of such attractions as are enjoyed by children and grown-ups in the Champs Elysées. Of *spectacles*, concerts, conjuring exhibitions, and such like, NAPOLEON ROBINSON (descended in direct line from the Crusoe family), manager, or managing director, of Le Touquet, who is as energetic as he is undefeated, provides almost a surfeit. But, of Monsieur N. ROBINSON DE CRUSOE more "in our next," as it is to the charms of delightful Le Touquet that I am devoting these memoranda. At present I will limit myself to describing, as graphically as may be, the night I spent there, which will be remembered here, there and everywhere, as September 10, Thursday, the night of the great storm, when the most violent wind that has been experienced for many years swept over English and French coasts, doing a vast amount of damage inland in both countries, and after lasting for something like fourteen hours, dropping off to sleep, compelled thereto by sheer exhaustion, having blown itself out and done its very worst.

We, my fellow-traveller and I, had had a delightful day in and out of the Château de Sacaterre, the charming sea-side residence of the distinguished Franco-Italian lady—La Contessa de Villa-en-Bois de Sacaterra (the title seems a bit mixed, but so is the architecture and ornamentation), where we had the great good fortune to be the guests of its temporary tenant, the Baron HAMISH DE SEPTÉTOILES, of Franco-Scotch extraction, whose ancestors did good service in the Jacobite cause. We strolled about the sands of Paris-Plage, noticing how the owners of the *chic* cabines and pretty *châteaux*, of all sorts and sizes, had fancifully named them *Le Béreau*, *La Retraite*, *Le Bijou*, *La Cabine Bleue*, *La Moulinette*, *Ma Fantasie*, *Au Bon Repos*, and so forth, names charmingly suggestive of tranquillity, picturesqueness, Watteau-like daintiness, and undisturbed enjoyment. Delightful! Then, after wandering about the woods of Le Touquet, inhaling the life-giving air of pine-forests and sea-front (not enervating at this season as are our fir woods and watering-places in southern England), we, having thoroughly appreciated our perfect little dinner, rose from the table; and, as we did so, the wind outside politely took the hint and got up also.

To quote once again the introduction to *The Cricket on the Hearth*, "Kettle began it." Some wind, representing aforesaid "Kettle," asserted itself, being promptly contradicted by another wind: then, other two joined in the dispute, whereupon up flew the sand, and—"that's how the row began."

At first, looking into each other's bedrooms by communicating door, we tried to ignore the facts or to minimise their importance. We spoke of the matter in a casual sort

of way, observing, "I think there will be a bit of a breeze to-night," when each of us felt in our inner consciousness that we had before us an uncommonly nasty prospect of bad weather for the next six hours. Later the rain arrived, discharging itself, every five minutes, in pailfuls, against the window-panes. It may have entered into the family quarrel as a peace-maker, just to throw cold water on the antagonists. Whether it was so or not I cannot say: it had no effect beyond that of adding a variation to the hurly-burly of noises.

We had sat up, now in one room, now in the other (we were housed on the second floor), till somewhat past eleven, and the storm was then (being a late riser) only just getting up. But, within a brief quarter of an hour, we were startled by such a rapid series of violent shocks from the wind as soon showed us that for "that night only" sleep would be a consummation devoutly to be wished," but unobtainable on the premises.

Bang-bang-rattle-Boom—went the wind at my window. No shutters—except outside, fastened back, and impossible to be reached. So, after arranging the room for a state of windy-siege, I knocked at the door which led out of my room into that of my "stable companion," and looking in I asked him how he was getting along.

"It's awful," he growled as he disappeared beneath the bed-clothes. Then he came up again as if after a dive, breathlessly, and said in broken accents, "I say, will the Château stand it?"

"Oh yes, the Château's all right," I answered, with a confidence in my tone that I was far from feeling, as the gale banged, the window bolts cracked, the floor shook, and the roof rattled. It did not sound safe, I admit.

Then I retired. For a while I braved the elements by reading, thinking that the book would induce soundest sleep: its title and author I will not mention. Then came the row: *Boom-Boom-ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay-Bang-rattle-BANG!!!*

No, the Château had *not* collapsed. The roof was still sheltering us. We were alive. Well—"if the Château will stand this," quoth I to myself, "it will stand anything."

Rattle-rattle-rattle from window bolts—*Bang! boom-BOOM!!!*

"It can't be worse," I whispered to myself, but I didn't believe myself one bit. I was only trying to be hopeful, and praying that my expressed opinion might be accepted as a compliment by the storm fiends. To "have done their worst" ought to have been taken by them as a compliment. But it wasn't: on the contrary, it seemed as if they had been encouraged by "approbation from Sir HUBERT STANLEY," and were going in for it again with more wanton and malicious fury than ever.

I closed my book. "Put out the light"—and then?

The storm fiends took advantage of the obscurity. The Boom-bangs were three times as loud as before, and the rattlings at the window fastenings suggested the idea of a band of demon burglars attempting an entrance, and, just when they were on the very point of success, failing, thank Heaven, in their attempts.

A line from some opera occurred to me and haunted me: "Locks, bolts, and bars will fly asunder!"—I fancied too that the opera was "*Lock's*," which made it all the worse.

The Château swayed ("This," I explained to my companion, for we were by this time both in the double-bedded room, "is a sure sign of a house being well built.") But what were the foundations? why, on the sand; for every house in Paris-Plage is built on the sand. Then there came into my mind at the moment the parable of the House "built on the sand," and again I murmured to myself quivering, "What a fool this builder must have been!"

The beds rocked. I remembered that babies are rocked to sleep, but the storm was not introducing this movement out of kindness to me. Then the frame-work of the beds seemed to separate; then to shake, as if the beds would suddenly take to "making" themselves; furniture cracked, washing-stands rattled, basins and jugs quivered with excitement, the wind—that is, one of the winds, for there were a whole lot of them let loose, whirling about madly everywhere as if they were having a football "scrum" with the chalet for football; every single pane of glass was resisting the attacks of the blustering army with all its might and main; the bolts stood to their guns, stood up bravely to the great guns of the tempest, and held the fort against the desperate assaults of the reckless and wrecking enemy. Brave Bolts! their name should be changed after this! no "bolting" about these iron warriors, although they were violently assaulted all night and had to stand the brunt of the enemy's artillery from minute to minute, with scarce a second's rest, for eight mortal hours, during which dreadful time it seemed that at every fresh attack the iron hinges and every stalwart fastening must break, give way and fly before the enemy. "If the bolts yield and the windows be burst open!" exclaimed my companion, "what shall we do?"

I could only reply, "I'm hanged if I know." And, honestly, I didn't. But, *grâce à Dieu*, the windows resisted successfully to the very last; yet only at about eight in the morning was there the slightest sign noticeable of any diminution in the violence of the assault.

Oh what a night!

No composer or conductor ever made such use of "the wind"—bassoons, ophicleides, the *grosses-caisses* and side drums—as did this rampant *Æolus chef d'orchestre* in his mad drunken revel, leading and directing his ruffianly hordes of inharmonious instrumentalists. And the west wind was in it too!! the mild gentle Zephyr! He too was in this atrocious company, in the utterly disreputable society of roystering winds out on the loose for a whole night, and as bad as the very worst of them. "*Corruptio optimi pessima!*" Never was such a tumultuous orgie of Out-of-Bedlamite Breezes!

Crack! Bang! "here we are again!" howl the winds in a chorus to which that of "*Guerra, Guerra*," in *Gli Ugonotti* bears some mild resemblance. Beds quiver—crockery quakes—*whack—B-r-r-r*—rolls of drums *fortissimo*—then *bang* with the thump of a giant's fist on the windows—*crack—whack—gr-r-r* (giant foiled, is growling savagely)—*shakissimo—bang—crack—Boom!*

"Something's gone somewhere!" whispered my friend, fearfully. And I devoutly wished that everything connected with the storm *would* go somewhere—somewhere else, and as far off as possible. Then, cautiously, I ventured out of bed, and on to the floor. *Darkness impenetrable*. The ingenious idea of striking a match got over that particular difficulty.

Boom—boom—crack—whack—gr-r-r-r—Bang!! Had the boards gone? Had the floor?—the walls?

No—the little candle shedding its quiet light around gave me comfort. "So shines a good deed in a naughty world." Oh, what a "good deed" was the lighting of that candle! I saw that all things were in their places. The jugs, glasses, and crockery, were undisturbed, looking as prim as if nothing were happening—but—*Bang—gr-r-r Bom!!* Has a thunderbolt struck the windows? No: yet the bolts and bars are having a most trying time of it. Bravo bars and bolts! The Old Guard will never surrender.

I remember that ancient ruffian in *David Copperfield* with his "O my eyes and limbs! O goroo, goroo!" "O goroo! goroo!"—that is just the expression of the savage despairing cry of the spirits directing the wind-tempest without. I



THE PROGRESS OF EDUCATION.

Fond Mother. "WHY ARE YOU SO LATE, BABBAGE? I'VE BEEN QUITE ANXIOUS ABOUT YOU."

Babbage. "NO NECESSITY FOR ALARM, MOTHER. MY PROFESSOR DETAINED ME FOR A SHORT PERIOD BECAUSE HE FANCIED I WAS SLIGHTLY IMPERFECT IN MY LOGARITHMS."

have not an idea what "goroo, goroo" means, but it has a wild weird savage sound—and so *bang, whack, crack, Boom! Boom!! BANG!!!* "O goroo—goroo"—and then for a second there is a sound as of wailing without, as though damage had been done, or were being done, to some living being; or it may be they are cries of distress at sea—but only for a second. While I quickly examine bolts in both rooms, my travelling companion, with bed and bedding, has moved into the next compartment, where, in addition to the howling and growling, banging and blowing, he finds himself with the "additional attraction" of instantaneous flashes of brilliant light recurring every thirty seconds added to the programme, so that he is compelled to keep his eyes shut. It is not lightning, that is a comfort: it is the "searchlight" from the neighbouring Phare, whirling round and round at regular intervals of fifteen seconds, as if it were machine-made lightning doing so many turns a night. "I can't stand this," exclaims my companion, and, with his *impedimenta*, he returns whence he came.

Bang, whack, boom!—the bolts are holding—the fastenings are good. 'Tis outside that unfastened shutters have

turned traitors, and are struggling to get away from their iron hinges in order to join the enemy. They cannot effect their treacherous purpose, and so are simply crazy. Impossible to reach them. They must go on now—they can't quite escape—and they will be carefully tied up in future and not allowed the slightest liberty.

Morning breaks!—many things have broken all over the place, causing much terror, but this breakage brings joy! Oh the blessed light of day! It comes like the sound of the pipes at the relief of Lucknow. "Out, out, brief candle," you have served your purpose well and nobly. Welcome to the day! It is the restoration of sight to the blind man. With the approach of the Forces of Day, we feel that the Black Guards of Night must be compelled, willy nilly, to retreat. And so they do, growlingly, sulkily, gradually. But we, my travelling companion and I, have to return to old England (if old England stands where she did, and has not been blown away), and we will do so—weather permitting.

The Baron's faithful valet appears at seven A.M. He has not had a wink of sleep. Nor has his master the Baron; nor, indeed, has anyone in the Château.

His master makes us his compliments and is sure that to cross the sea to-day will be impossible. He will be delighted if we will remain his guests this day, next, in fact for as long as we like.

A thousand thanks to M. le Baron, but we must return to England at once.

Subsequently we assure the most kind and hospitable Baron that "we have had a rattling time of it here," which statement, remembering the hardly tried window-fastenings and door-latches during the storm, is literally true.

And, looking out of the window on the morning of September 11, what do we see? Cabines bouleversées. Huts broken up. Bathing cabins unroofed and knocked silly. Petits Châteaux looking all the more wretched from being associated with their fancy names. *Le Berceau* has had a severe rocking; *La Retraite*, a mere bathing cabine, has been knocked over; a window of *Le Bijou* has been blown inwards; dainty *La Cabine Bleue* has got some tiles off; *Au Bon Repos* is smashed about in all directions, hopelessly disturbed by fearful nightmares; and *La Moulinette* has been reduced to matchwood. *Sic transit gloria.*

We drive to Le Touquet. Tents ripped open, knocked over; wooden buildings unroofed; pines and firs unearthed and lying across the road. An army of pioneers has gone out into the town to clear the way for the tram of civilisation. Then comes the news of wrecks at sea, of passenger boats not crossing, of those that did cross doing the distance in treble the time, and in the face of frightful difficulties. But I must here record the positive triumph, as it subsequently appears, of the *Queen*, the new Turbine steamer which crossed from Dover to Calais within some thirty minutes of her regular crossing. She did the return journey with comparatively little motion (this deponent can personally answer for the fact) and the wind still strong against her, from Calais to Dover in about twenty minutes over her regular time. Bravo, Turbine! espe-

cially when time for catching a late train across country is an object!

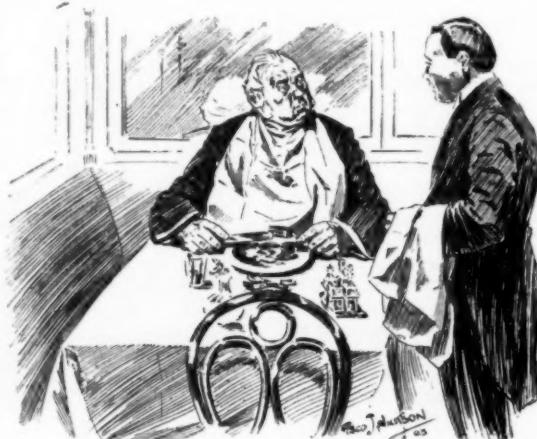
And now in calmer moments to return to Le Touquet.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The Story of my Life (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) records the marvellous progress of a deaf and dumb girl made in the effort to come in closer contact with her articulate kindred. HELEN KELLER writes her story herself, the narrative being supplemented by the lady by whose patient, sympathetic teaching the miracle was wrought. Intellectually richly endowed, with rare force of character, Miss KELLER was not satisfied with overcoming her infirmity just enough to enable her to enjoy the companionship of those around her. She passed an arduous examination that secured her admission to College. The medium of her communication with the silent world beyond her darkened eyes is her hand. "I sometimes wonder," she writes, "if the hand is not more sensitive

to the beauties of sculpture than the eye. I should think the wonderful rhythmical flow of lines and curves could be more subtly felt than seen. Be this as it may, I know that I can feel the heart-throbs of the ancient Greeks in their marble gods and goddesses." She went to the theatre to see IRVING and ELLEN TERRY when they visited America. Admitted later to their dressing-rooms, she touched the face and costume of ELLEN TERRY, who had been playing one of her queenly parts. She "found about her that divinity that hedges sublimest woe." Lightly fingering IRVING's face as he stood in kingly robes, she recognised "a remoteness and inaccessibility of grief which I shall never

forget." Of her good friend MARK TWAIN she writes, "I feel the twinkle of his eye in his handshake." My Baronite feels one has to be blind and deaf before he could rise to the graphic imagery of this last sentence.



Old Gentleman. "WAITER, THIS MEAT IS LIKE LEATHER!"
Waiter. "YES, SIR. SADDLE OF MUTTON, SIR!"

Most of us have heard of *Strutt's Sports and Pastimes*. The first edition, given to the world a hundred and two years ago, took, and has kept, its place as a classic. It has long been out of print, accessible only in old libraries. Messrs. METHUEN now republish it, cunningly imparting to the volume, by black type and tone of paper, seductive appearance of the original. Under the editorship of Dr. Cox the new edition is enlarged and corrected. My Baronite finds it retains all the original matter, including descriptions of the rural and domestic sports and pastimes of the people of England—May games, mummeries, pageants, processions, pompous spectacles and the like. All STRUTT's engravings from ancient paintings are beautifully reproduced. His introduction, dated January, 1801, is a picturesque summary of the recreations of the people as far back as Saxon times. It is a rare treasure of the past, dug up for the edification of people of the Twentieth Century, who play golf by day and bridge by night.

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.